*Por.* The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withall.
*Mor.* Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay th'inſcriptions backe againe,
What ſayes this leaden Casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath,
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſayes the ſiluer with her virgine hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
As much as he deſerues, pauſe there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an eeuen hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerue enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deſeruing,
Were but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as I deſerue, why that's the Lady,
I do in birth deſerue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then theſe, in loue I do deſerue.
What if I ſtraid no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this saying grau'd in gold:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world deſires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deſerts, and the vaſty wildes
Of wide *Arabia*, are as through-fares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watry Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come

As



As ore a brooke to ſee faire *Portia*.
One of theſe three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that leade containes her, t'were damnation
To thinke ſo baſe a thought, it were too groſſe
To rib her ſere-cloth in the obſcure graue,
Or ſhall I thinke in ſiluer ſhee's immur'd,
Being ten times vnder-valewed to tride gold,
O ſinfull thought, neuer ſo rich a Iem
Was ſet in worſe then gold. They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's inſculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Heere do I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.
*Por.* There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.
*Mor.* O hell! what haue we heere, a carrion death?
Within whoſe empty eye there is a written ſcroule,
Ile reade the writing.

*All that gliſters is not gold,*
*Often haue you heard that told,*
*Many a man his life hath ſolde,*
*But my outſide to behold,*
*Guilded timber do wormes infold:*
*Had you bene as wiſe as bold,*
*Young in limbes, in iudgement old,*
*Your anſwere had not beene inſcrolde;*
*Fare you well, your ſute is cold.*

*Mor.* Cold indeed, and labour loſt,
Then farwell heate, and welcome froſt:
*Portia* adiew, I haue too greeu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue; thus loſers part.
*Por.* A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, goe,
Let all of his complection chooſe me ſo.